

# A MERRY DIALOGUE

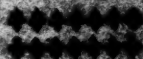
BETWEEN

## Band, Cuff, and Ruff.

Done by an excellent VVIT.

AND

*Lately acted in a Shew in the famous Uni-  
versity of Cambridge.*



*London, Printed for F. K. and are to be sold at the  
John Flechers Head, on the back-side of  
St. Clements, 1661.*

A MERRY  
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Band, Cuff, and  
Roe.

Done by an excellent Wit.

AND

Printed in a New and Improved  
Manner of Printing.

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London, Printed for T. K. and sold by the following  
Booksellers, viz. on the North side of  
St Clements, 1681.



**A Merry**  
**DIALOGUE**  
**BETWEEN**  
**BAND, CUFF, and RUFF.**

**ACTORS,**  
*Band, Cuff, and Ruff.*

**Enter BAND and CUFF.**

**BAND.** **C**uff, where art thou?  
**Cuff.** Here at hand.  
**BAND.** Where is this **Cuff**?  
**Cuff.** Almost at your Elbow.

**Enter**  
**A**

## A dissention between

\*\*\*\*\*Emer\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
O *Band*, art thou there? I thought thou had-  
dest been worn out of date by this time,  
or shrunk in the wetting at least.

*Band*. What? Do you think I am afraid of  
your great words? No, you shall know that there  
be men of fashion in place, as well as your self.

*Cuff*. Good *Band*, do not fret so.

*Band*. A scurvie shag-rag Gentleman, new  
come out of the North, a Puny, a Freshman,  
come up hither to learn fashions, and seek to  
expell me?

*Cuff*. Nay: if you be so broad with him,  
*Band*, we shall have a fray presently.

*Ruff*. Sir, Ile pull down your *Collar* from  
you. He pulls *B* and *C*. Seizes him.

*Cuff*. It was fit time for me to stay you up,  
for I am sure you were a falling *Band*.

*Ruff*. Well, *Band*, for all you are so stiff, Ile  
make you limber enough before I have done  
with you.

*Band*. No, *Head Rush*, is more then you can  
do.

*Ruff*. Sfoot, let me come to him well, *Band*,  
let me catch you in another place, and I will  
make cur-work of you.

*Band*. Ther's ne're a *Spanish Ruff* of you all  
can do it.

*Cuff*.

*Band, Cuff, and Ruff.*

*Cuff.* Now, if these two should go together by the ears and hurt one another, *Ruff* would be in a fine pligh: would he not?

*Ruff.* Well, *Band*, look to thy self, for if I meet thee, I will lace thee roundly.

*Band.* Lace me? thou wouldst be laced thy self, *Ruff*, for this is the very truth, thou art a plain knave.

*Ruff.* If they talk of lacing, I were best look about my self.

*Cuff.* Darest thou meet me in the field?

*Band.* In the field? why thou art but an effeminate fellow, *Ruff*, for all thou art so well set, but at what weapon?

*Ruff.* Nay, I will give thee that advantage, bring that what weapons thou wilt, I scorn to make any thing of thee, *Band*, but needle work.

*Band.* Sober, thou shalt know, a Gentleman and a Souldier seems thy profession.

*Ruff.* A Souldier?

*Cuff.* Did you not hear of the great *Bands* went over of late?

*Ruff.* Where did you serve? in the Low Countries?

*Cuff.* It may be so, for I am sure he is a *Holland Band*.

*Band.* Where I have served, it is no matter, but I am sure I have been pressed out.

*Cuff.* Truly, his Landre's will bear him witness thereof.

*Ruff.*

## A dissention between

**Ruff.** Press me no pressings, Ile make you know that **Ruff** is Steele'd to the back; if I had my stick here, you should feel it.

**Band.** Nay bragger, it is not your great words can carry it away so; give **Band** but a hemme; and he will be for you at any time; name the place, the time and hour of our meeting.

**Ruff.** The place, the Paper mills, where I will tear thee into rags, before I have done with thee: the time, to morrow in the after-noon about one: but do you hear? We will fight single, you shall not be double, **Band.**

**Cuff.** Now I perceive, the *Spaniard* and the *Hollander* will to it roundly.

**Ruff.** But do you hear? Once more do not say at our next meeting you forgot the time.

**Cuff.** No, I dare warrant you, there is no man more careful of the time then he: for I am sure he hath alwaies at the least a dozen Clocks about him.

**Ruff.** Farewel then.

**Band.** Then farewel.

**Cuff.** Nay you shall not part so, you will go into the fields, and know not what fighting means: a couple of white liver'd fellows, your Landrefs will make you both a white as a clout if the list; If you lack beating, thee'l beat you Ile warrant you, thee'l so clap your sides together, that they shall be beaten out in once or twice



## *Band, Cuff, and Ruff.*

twice handling, why, I have known her leave her mark behind her a whole week after, sheel quickly beat you Black and Blew, for I am sure shee'l scarce wash white before she starch.

*Band.* Well, remember the time and place,  
*Ruff.*

*Cuff.* Well, remember your selves and Misteris *Stichmel*, one to whom you have been both beholding in your days.

*Band.* Who? Misteris *Stichmel*, by this light I know her nor.

*Cuff.* No, nor you neither.

*Ruff.* Nor I, I swear by all the Gum and Blew starch in Christendom.

*Cuff.* I thought so, why its the *Semster*, one that both you had been undone had it not been for her, but what talk you of undoing? I say Misteris *Stichmel* the *Semster* was the very maker of you both, yet thus little do you regard her, but it is the common custome of you all, when you come to be so great as you are, you forget from what house you come.

*Ruff.* Sfoot *Ruff* careth nor a pin for her.

*Band.* Nor *Band* a button.

*Cuff.* Well *Band* and *Ruff*, you were best both of you to take heed of her, you know she set you both in the Stocks once before, and if she catch you again, is is a hundred to one

*A Disputation between*

one, if he hang you not both up, for the fiath  
for strings already,

*Ruff.* Meet me, if thou darest.

*Band.* The place the Paper-mills, the hour  
to morrow at one.

*Cuff.* Since you will go, go; but hear me,  
if you go, look at me well, as little a fellow as I  
am, I will come and *Cuff* you both out of  
the fields; if I do not, say *Cuff* is no man of his  
hands.

*Ruff.* Alas poor shrimp, thou art nothing  
in my hands.

*Cuff.* If you go, you shall never say that  
*Cuff* came of a sleevelets errand, Ile bind your  
hand (I warrant you) for striking.

*Band.* Say and hold.

*Ruff.* Remember the Paper-mills.

*Cuff.* And you be so chollerick, Ile even  
pin you both in, as soon as I come home: can  
you nor decide the quarrel between your  
selves without a field? I had thought you had  
been a little more mild. *Ruff.* You were a  
horrible *Puriscane* the other day, a very precise

*Ruff.*

*Ruff.* Hang him, bafe Rascal; would he not  
make any man mad, to see such a—I durst not  
scarce peep our before Collier came to Town,  
now to swagger thus.

*Cuff.* Come, you shall be friends, *Band.*

*Band*



## *Band, Cuff, and Ruff.*

*Band.* Friends with him? such a base Rascal he is a very thread-bare fellow, I scorn, but my man *Coller* should go as well as he every day in the week, and be friends with him.

*Ruff.* Thy man *Coller*? Thy Master, thou wouldst have said, I am sure he is thy up-holder.

*Cuff.* Nay, surely he is his Master, at least his Master: for *Bands*, make rags; rags make Paper; paper makes Past-board, and Past-board makes *Collar*, and I think that this is a stiff argument that he is his Master.

*Ruff.* Wel, be he what he will, if I catch his *Collar*, Ile cut him in jags; let me but clasp him, and Ile make him for stirring.

*Cuff.* But you shall not fight: have you not Friends & Neighbors enough to end this controversy, but you must go into the fields, and there cut the thread of your lives? we'll have none of that, come chuse you an Umpire, *Band*, for it shall be so.

*Band.* Since you will force me to it, if *Ruff* be content, I am willing.

*Cuff.* *Ruff*, you shall be content.

*Ruff.* It I shall then, I must, let him name him.

*Band.* If I may choose, Ile have Master *Handkerchiefe*.

*Cuff.* Nay, stay there, he is a most filthy Sniveling.

B.

## A dissention between

veling fellow, and he will wipe your Nose of al,  
if you put the case to him, but what say you to  
*shire*.

*Ruff*. He is a shifting knave, and one, to whom  
*Band*, a little before hath been much beholding,  
they were joyned along time together in friend-  
ship.

*Cuff*. Why, then go to Master *Cap*, the head-  
man of the town.

*Band*. No, I deny that, he is a very bad Justice  
you may have him wrought on any side for  
X mony.

*Ruff*. He tell you what, then we will go to  
my Lord *Corpus* himself.

*Band*. He is not in Town.

*Ruff*. He is, for I saw *Serk*, his chief Foot-  
man in Town.

*Cuff*. Here's a do with you, and may Lord  
*Corpus*, indeed I would you were both hanged  
X about his neck for me; but I see, this strife will  
never be ended, till I be Arbitrator my self, you  
know, I am equally allied to you both: shall I  
be Moderator between you?

*Band and Ruff*. Content.

*Cuff*. Well then, *Ruff* shall be most account-  
ed of amongst the Clergy, for he is the grave  
Fellow (although I know, the *Puritans* will not  
greatly care for him, he hath such a deal of set-  
ting, and they love standing very well.) As for  
you,

## *Band, Cuff, and Ruff.*

you, *Band*, you shall be most made of amongst the young Gallants, although sometimes they shall use *Ruff*, for a fashion, but not otherwise; however, you need not regard the giddy headed multitude, let them do as they list, sometimes respecting one, sometimes the other: but when you come to the Counsailor, and men of Law, which know right from wrong, acknowledging Master Worths to be equal, they shall preferre neither, but use the kindness of you both, wearing both a *Band* and a *Ruff*; how say you, are you both content?

*Band and Ruff*, We are.

*Cuff*. Then go before me to the next town, and Ile follow after with a *Band* of your friendship drawn, which I hope, these Gentlemen will seal with their hands. *Exeunt Band and Ruff.*

*Cuff*. Claw me, and Ile claw thee, the proverb goes,  
Let it be true in that our Muse here shoes,  
*Cuff* graceth hand, *Cuffes* debtors hands remain,  
Let hands clap me, and Ile *Cuff* them again.

## FINIS.